My riches to thē earth from whence they came:
But my unspotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all said yet, thou prove prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happinesse,

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfulnesse and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharpe physicke is the last; but O you powers!
That gives heaven countlesse eyes to view mens acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lov'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your sence the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw heaven downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell onely danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good

Good sooth, I care not for yon
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch n
For that's an article within ou
As dangerous as the rest: your
Either expound now, or receiv
Peri. Great King,
Few love to heare the sinnes t
T'would braid your selfe too
Who hath a booke of all that
Hee's more secure to keepe it
For vice repeated, is like the w
Blowes dust in others eyes, to
And yet the end of all is bough
The breath is gone, and the so
To stop the aire would hurt th
Cope hills towards heaven, to
By mans oppression, and the
Kings are earths gods: in vic
And if *Jove* stray, who dares
It is enough you know, and it
What being more knowne, g
All love the wombe that thei
Then give my tongue leave t
Ant. Heaven that I had it;
But I will gloze with him. Y
Though by the tenour of your
Your exposition mis-interpre
We might proceede to counse
Yet hope, succeeding from so
As your faire selfe, doth tune
Fortie dayes longer we doe re
If by which time our secret b
This mercy shewes, wee'l joy
And untill then, your entertai
As doth befit our honour, and

Per. How courtesie would

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bu